

# MEASURE

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EXCHANGES

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE  
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

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# Ethylene as an Anesthetic

*William Foley*

THERE IS a certain chemical compound that is used today to relieve suffering and to save lives and yet, strangely this same substance was instrumental in causing the death and suffering of many only twenty years ago. Contradictory though this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true. The compound concerned is ethylene, a gas which is a popular and widely used anesthetic of this day. The benefits of anesthesia to mankind are numerous — the part which it has played in the alleviation of pain has been a tremendous one.

That ethylene should have been indirectly a help in the slaughter of many, whereas today it is employed for just the opposite end provides an odd and interesting item and seems to make the compound assume a sort of Jekyll-Hyde character. One can recall that during the World War poison gas was one of the most effective weapons for killing or disabling soldiers. There were many of these poison gases employed, among the most toxic was mustard gas — this is where ethylene enters. When ethylene was passed into sulfur mono-chloride the resulting product was mustard gas. Thus one could readily and with just cause point an accusing finger at ethylene, and say that it was imputable, at least indirectly, for the many deaths caused by the poison it was so instrumental in concocting.

Ethylene is rapidly making amends for the endless woe it authored during the war, however, for its use as an anesthetic agent in the operating room is wide. Further it presents distinct advantages over other hypnotics. Before



enumerating ethylene's favorable qualities perhaps a brief survey of general anesthesia's importance would be fitting. That it has been one of the fundamentally important factors in the progress of medical science is beyond dispute. Administration of a sleep-producing drug puts the patient into a deep and tranquil slumber making him insensible to pain and incapable of any resistance; while he is in this condition the surgeon can proceed coolly and carefully with the operation. It is interesting to note that the use of sleep-producing drugs for medical purposes is a distinct American development. The use of hypnotics started before the Civil War and with their introduction began the era of modern surgery. One must not get the idea that general anesthesia was welcomed with open arms by the world. For in spite of the agonies of the operating room at that time many people were inclined to look suspiciously on the matter of anesthesia. They reasoned that an artificial means of inducing sleep, being unnatural was therefore opposed to Divine Will. Prejudice was finally overcome, however, because anesthesia definitely proved its worth by repeated successes, until today it is something so universal that it is taken for granted.

Chemically, ethylene is composed of two parts of carbon and four parts of hydrogen. It is a colorless gas, about the same weight as air and has a rather ethereal odor. It is inflammable, its most serious fault, forming explosive mixtures with air when the two are mixed in proper proportions. If all necessary precautions are taken, such as the elimination of all sources of ignition, and reducing the possibilities for the formation of static electricity, ethylene is as safe to use as ether. The gas is usually manufactured by the dehydration of ethyl alcohol — i.e., a molecule of water is removed from the alcohol by means of dehydrating agents such as sulfuric or phosphoric acids, at the same time using aluminum oxide as a catalyst.

The discovery that ethylene made a powerful and efficient anesthetic was made in 1923 at the University of

Chicago by Dr. A. B. Luckhardt and Dr. J. B. Carter. After thorough clinical study of ethylene and its effects, they submitted their new anesthetic to the world, and it has been used with good results ever since.

Now the fundamental idea in producing anesthesia is to reduce the normal supply of oxygen in the body. Of course the complete exclusion of oxygen from the body would be dangerous for it would mean asphyxiation and subsequent death. Anesthetics, therefore, are administered mixed with a certain amount of oxygen. Ethylene can be diluted with high percentages of oxygen, which means less concentration of anesthetic in the blood. In other words, ethylene produces anesthesia and at the same time permits a large amount of oxygen to enter the body to make the administration a wide margin of safety. The depth of anesthesia is controlled by varying the amount of oxygen in the mixture. One thing is important however, and that is that ethylene cannot be given in too large amounts, for overdosage may produce fatal results. Therefore, it behooves the anesthetist to use caution in this regard.

The anesthetic is distributed throughout the body by means of the blood supply (ethylene dissolves readily in the blood plasma) and perhaps absorption by the fatty tissues. "The gas does not concentrate in certain tissues to the exclusion of others, it is distributed uniformly, not selectively. This would mean that the action produced by anesthetics does not depend on the amount passing through the lungs. When the concentration of the hypnotic in the tissues reaches that level where it is in correct proportion to that in the blood, true anesthesia is said to occur."<sup>1</sup>

Ethylene presents the distinct advantages over ether and nitrous oxide, the two other anesthetics most widely used today. The relaxation given by ethylene, while deeper than that of nitrous oxide, is not so profound as that which

1. Dr. John F. Christiansen, "The Comparative Advantages of Ethylene and Nitrous Oxide-Oxygen Anesthesia," from *Anesthesia and Analgesia*, Feb. 1927.

ether gives. But this is overcome by adding a small amount of ether to the ethylene thus giving a more tranquil, relaxed slumber to the patient. Ethylene is not irritating to the respiratory tract and is safe in being administered to a patient suffering from a lung affliction. Ether, because of its irritability to the respiratory passages, could not be employed in such cases. Perhaps the most favorable of ethylene's properties is that it makes for a better post operative condition of the patient following its use. It does not cause the prolonged nausea and vomiting which follow applications of ether. "All in all, it may be said that ethylene has less effect on the body than other hypnotics and is probably the purest anesthetic known today."<sup>2</sup> It produces anesthesia in a short time — three to eight minutes — and there is a rapid return to consciousness too, patients passing from the sleeping to the waking stage in very little time. Where it finds its greatest usefulness is in the case of a handicapped or "bad risk" patient. In this field it is unsurpassed.

From this treatise it can be seen that ethylene does not constitute the ideal anesthetic, that is still forthcoming. No effort was made to proclaim ethylene as perfect. When compared with ether it was found inferior in several respects. Yet withal it certainly has its place in the medical world. It can be regarded as a sort of young upstart among the field of anesthetics, and it is only fifteen years old now, and with the passing of time and the improvements affected by research scientists, ethylene should become ever more beneficial to mankind.

2. Dr. L. F. Sise, "Ethylene," from *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, Feb. 12, 1925.



## “Domino Gloria”

Richard J. Trame

ABOVE the deafening din of the “strong gongs groaning” and the “booming of the guns,” Chesterton breathes a brilliant prayer of glory to the Father of us all. In *Lepanto*, the wild knight of Catholicity has constantly employed his religious enthusiasm, garnered in vari-colored beauty, upheld by tangible, truthful threads of dogma, and presented in a rhythmic accompaniment that glitters like “white founts falling in the Courts of the sun.”

As his ambitious pen sweeps through this ballad of war and heroism, the author keeps foremost in his mind that song of the Angels — “Domino gloria.” In his imagery, in his metaphors and similes, in his story there is always God in all His glory and power and there, likewise, is Chesterton singing His praises. It is, therefore, the aim of this brief appreciation of *Lepanto* to try to analyze Chesterton’s numerous applications of and references to our universal Catholicism.

With bitterly expressed irony Chesterton intoned his entire ballad with a glimpse of Catholic Action as evidenced by the disinterested attitude of Christian monarchs when the Pope asked their assistance in expelling the Turk from the Holy Land. How well can not this same attitude be seen in existing conditions today? Chesterton’s Soldan of Byzantium could be one of many forces causing the fortresses of Christianity to be “shaken with his ships.” Still the powers that be, from whom the Pope should derive assistance, are either too vain or too indifferent to blend their influence in concerted combat. Well and with subtlety, Chesterton presents a situation as prevalent today as



it was during the era of Don John of Austria.

Making Mahound the epitome of all antagonists of the Catholic Church, Chesterton spares no words in displaying their avaricious tendencies. No task is too odious, no place too remote, no doctrine too sacred to be overlooked by their villainous attempts to annihilate Catholicity. Even today these foemen "sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide." Like Mahound they ferret out every corner and aroma of Christianity and with ruthless but cunning thoroughness reek their vengeance upon it until their "peace be on the earth." Yet what sad sorrow is this peace with its rebellions, its blood-shed, and its deaths? If this be peace, there is no peace until the solace of the grave.

Chesterton, like Don John of Austria, continues to carry on his warfare against the persecutors of the Church. "With the trumpet of his lips" and pen Chesterton fearlessly upbraids those who through pride continue to resist the call of the "God that kissed Mary in Galilee." Even though the innocence of novelty and surprise are gone these dissenters from Catholicism still persist in justifying their stand by assuming an attitude of aloofness, a condition that is "full of tangled things and texts." Instead of boldly sponsoring a return to Christianity these hypocrites dally and hesitate, because they fear the "Christ that hath a newer face of doom."

From this type of persecutor Chesterton directs his attention to those who, being rich in worldly goods, refuse to leave their palaces whose "walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin." Gathering this group under one name, King Philip, Chesterton displays his beauty of drawing color pictures by comparing him to "a fungus of a leprous white and grey," or "plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day." Still, in the face of this unsupport by the indifferent, the proud, and the rich, Chesterton like Don John of Austria continues to fire upon the Turk.

With unbroken logic Chesterton carries his analogy to its ultimate conclusion, namely, as Don John conquered the Turks so too will the soldiers of Jesus Christ overcome the attacks of the eternal Turk, the devil. Through this method of presentation Chesterton elevates his poem above the standards of a poetic recording of the battle of Lepanto to an interpretative ballad of life, whether of yesterday, today, or all tomorrows. For, as Don John of Austria freed the Christian captives, so too has Gilbert Keith Chesterton, with his mighty pen, dauntlessly freed men from the captivity of religious ignorance and prejudice, thereby admitting them to the light of religious tolerance and encouraging them to shout with united tongues, "Domino gloria" as Chesterton of Christendom rides home from the Crusades.

# Madame Delphine

N. Theodore Staudt

MODERN FICTION as an art-form claims such continued interest, that a side-journey into the field of the novelette is not unwarranted. My plan is to distinguish first the short-story from the novel and then to investigate quite briefly the novelette as a mode of expression as exemplified in the work of George Washington Cable, called *Madame Delphine*.

Our attention may focus briefly on the qualities of the short story and of the novel. We find that the former makes no attempt to give the reader a complete and fully detailed conception of a character or a setting, but does establish quickly and briefly a notion of the meaning of an event. It is, more or less, an incomplete picture, leaving the reader free range in which he draws his own characters and paints his own scene more fully in his imagination. On the other hand we have the novel which gives the student of literature the opposite effect. Every, or most details of character are embodied in its pages. The Characters are quite in their entirety, portrayed with much detail so that the reader may easily draw the desired picture which the author intends. Further, the setting of the novel is thoroughly sketched, giving the investigator an actual background on which to plot his figures.

From this distinction of the two, the concept of the novelette may be drawn. Its place seems to be somewhere between these two forms of fiction. But, to be more specific. The novelette embodies a limited character study placed in a particular background. However, in this case, too, we must draw boundaries. By "limited" I mean that the char-



acterization and the setting are neither brief nor are they detailed. The secret of the novelette lies in the fact that the character and the background, each being inadequate in itself to render a complete idea, combine as it were to make a complete concept for the reader, for they act as foils one to another, so that together they make a study that is artistically satisfying.

In this type of fiction, restraint seems to be a continual necessity. The danger lurks in the overemphasis of either the setting or the characters. Limitation in both must be present. Neither may be complete in extension lest it fall into the category of the novel. Similarly it may not be too sketchy in either regard, lest it become a short story. The golden medium dictated by restraint must govern the workmanship.

Perhaps these qualities can be expressed more clearly by an analysis of *Madame Delphine*. In this story he has successfully united character with setting and has invested it with a real, restrained beauty.

Here is the pathetic story of a quadroon mother, disowning her beautiful child, so that the world might believe her white and thus give her a chance for love, and hope, and the fine things of life.

The Characters fulfill all the requirements for a novelette. There is Madame Delphine Carraze, a small, dark quadroon of good features with a widow's aspect about her. Memorable is the figure of the rotund, understanding priest, Pere Jerome, confidant and confessor to the poor widow. Here, too, is the beautiful portrait of a girl entering womanhood. Finally one meets the character of Captain Lemaitre, a man feared on the high-seas, yet a man who has given up his pirate's life to lead one of respectability.

In each of these story-people, Cable was careful not to treat them as complete characterizations. He gave just enough attention to these characters, so that when they were combined with the setting, the figures themselves were realized in their real worth. One of the most interesting

features of the novelette was this: that while Madame Delphine and her daughter and friends are universally appealing, they are, nevertheless, made so by their position in a background which fits just them and which heightens their peculiarities.

This landscape in *Madame Delphine* is the city of New Orleans, not the modern city of pageant and revelry, but the old Quarter which knew the desolation and suffering which followed the Civil War. Here is an environment which acts as a crucible in which is mixed the blood of Creole antiquity, romance, and prejudice. The romantic past of the town attracts us, as it is steeped in tradition — a past that walks the red pavements, that haunts humid arches, that looks down from rust-eaten balconies. In this setting we have an ideal stage for the people who have such problems of life to meet; Creole cleverness is at home here; love finds here an admirable haven; a pirate is not in the least fantastic, he belongs. In such an atmosphere of age, romance, and simplicity, men and women live and die, better understood when seen in the home of their love.

So, indeed, George Washington Cable has given us a treasurable novelette. It is as captivating a piece as might be found in any other form of the field of fiction. Another phase of beauty will hold us by the foils of its presentation.

# An Aspect of Catholic Action

*John Koechley*

**W**OULD you accept the statement that many Americans are Catholics in little more than name only? Whether you agree or not, the fact remains — even though it rouses as much interest as an oft-repeated tabloid headline. Many people, scanning the newspapers, are aware of the inroads which indifferentism has made into Catholicism, but few are analytical enough to be concerned with its dangers, fewer still attempt any solution.

This unconcerned attitude is largely the result of long years of toleration, of close business and social contacts with non-Catholics. These conditions are sedatives to the militancy which threatening opposition or directed attack would naturally have. Indeed, in spite of the fact that the Church has enormously developed her educational and charitable institutions, this has had negative or contrary effect on the Catholic-consciousness of Americans.

Together with this disinterested attitude, the completeness of Catholicism combines to build around many Catholics an exclusive, unapproachable sphere of security. But nearly all security can be looked upon by the detached observer as the very height of positive dullness, and can be as stifling.

The opposite of such sureness is adventure, the by-word of American youth. The young man of America is willing to look anywhere for adventure, seeking a task to perform, but he seldom turns to Catholicism. For in all fairness, what hint of the adventurous could we Catholics reasonably hope youth to find in the lives of the majority



of us? How many of us are little more than obligatory-Mass Catholics, and if we must admit this, is not the thought appalling? Grant me the reality of the situation, and I shall attempt to look for a course and hope for some solution.

To my mind, the cause of cold, albeit not malicious indifference in the American Catholic is that he has used half ideals as his goal. His regular attendance at Mass, his listening to sermons, his well-intentioned novenas are inborn habits which have unconsciously become ends in themselves rather than means to an end. Of course, he would be the last to admit the fact, but in effect there is much truth in the statement. How frequently the acts of man spring from a sheer sense of duty and the time spent in church is methodically passed through.

Therefore, I assert that if the Catholic would avoid stagnation, he must have a clear notion of the Christian ideal of his Faith and be eternally conscious of it. This ideal is the synonym for ceaseless action in striving to reach the perfection of Christian life.

In application this action is the apex of daring adventure, for the entire world is in opposition to the notion of Christian perfection. There exists a lethal hate and unquarable prejudice for all the things for which Christianity stands. At one and the same time the world is outspokenly set against the Church, while it insidiously tries to undermine the cause of Christ.

Indeed, to defend Catholicism against such foes requires enormous courage, and for an individual to become a helper in an offensive against such odds makes for adventure as stimulating as can be found anywhere. And the points of attack are as numerous as there are individuals, for the talents of all persons are able to find a real challenge to their capability. Perhaps nothing will show the practical side of this consideration more clearly than a look at that distinctly modern movement called the Grail Movement which has risen in England, Holland, and Ger-

many. This example recognizes the great importance of stressing the value of action in the use of talents peculiar to personality. It uses theatricals, the technical arts, the fine arts, various educative and uplift movements to spread the adventure of living religion with daring.

In America, however, there are societies which demand just as much courage as that pleaded for by the Grail Movement. Leadership in the promotion of peace in the ranks of labor through the Catholic Conference of Industrial Peace can assume significance of great value to the Church and society and will give, too, personal satisfaction. Quite similar to this are the opportunities offered by the International Catholic Peace Society, and the Federation of Catholic Alumni.

The field of literature and of drama in particular is especially rich in possibilities for Catholic Action because it strikes the public in their leisure time and is at the same time so far reaching in its effects. The Catholic Theatre Movement, now in its infancy is needful of the fire of zealous leaders in acting, directing and playwriting. The spread of printed matter in book form has had the help of the Catholic Book Club, but the service which such an organization could do is only begun. Cheaper editions and wider distribution would aid materially in the cause of Christ. These and other societies have aided and are helping in the cause of Catholic Action, and are providing adventure in Christianity.

Individual initiative could, however, devise interesting new phases of work, or more vital, fresher aspects of older organizations, or even perhaps new organizations. Opposition from without and from within, in addition to the ever-changing conditions are challenging the very best use of talents. By the aid of an unquenchable thirst for adventures, by the sane use of the imagination, by the dedication of all our talents, we can move forward in attempt to renew all things in Christ.

# Exodus

*John J. Morrison*

EVER SINCE Lincoln freed the slaves over seventy years ago the Negro problem has been quite important in this country. To be sure the gravity of the question is not so great today as it was a few decades ago, but there remains much to be done in the task of bringing about the Negro's successful assimilation of his social heritage and reducing the element which is proving to be the chief hindrance to the assimilation, namely, race prejudice. Let us look at the progress that has been made in the last quarter of a century.

After their emancipation the southern Negroes devoted themselves mainly to the pursuance of agriculture, the only thing they knew. The fact that they had no capital to do any enterprising for themselves brought about the system which we know as the tenant system. In itself the system is not unjust, but with the accompanying one crop system and the credit system of the unscrupulous bankers and merchants it created a burden that was greater than the Negro farmer could bear.

From time to time the Negro made some signs of advancement on the tenant ladder, but each depression threw him back to the bottom to seek a fresh start. This would not have been serious if he had been given a real opportunity to get this fresh start, but the burdens imposed by the landowners, bankers, and merchants held him back. The land owner demanded that the tenant produce only money crops, cotton and tobacco, to the neglect of those which would provide food for his family and feed for his livestock. This concentration of product makes the Negro farmer particularly susceptible to the hardships of depression in these



crops since he has no others, not even enough to feed his own family. The banker and merchant get their foothold during time of depression when, his small savings spent, the farmer must seek credit, offered at exorbitant rates, to meet his current expenses. The burdens imposed by these systems increased in size until the Negro farmer, unable to bear it longer, got out from under and went to seek his fortune farther north.

The farmer Negroes did not make up the entire black population in the south. Until about fifty years ago there were many jobs in that section of the country, which were traditionally held wholly or largely by Negroes, that have been gradually taken from them by white men. Several outstanding examples may be given. In southern cities today almost all restaurants serving white patrons are managed by white men rather than by the Negro proprietors of some years ago, and Negro waiters have been for the greater part replaced by white men and girls. No longer do white men patronize Negro barbershops as they did in the past. The Negroes who monopolized the building trades in the south for decades were forced to give up their jobs to white carpenters, masons, and plasterers. As a parting example there has been considerable pressure brought to bear on southern railroads that has resulted in the replacement of Negro locomotive firemen by white men.

To be sure compensation was offered to many men rendered unemployed by these changes in the form of jobs in the lumbering and tobacco industries, and in garages and gasoline stations, but not in sufficient numbers to solve the problem. The Negroes had to look to the machine industries in the north as a source of livelihood.

In addition to this dissatisfaction with economic conditions there were two other factors which promoted this movement of the Negroes from the southern states to the north. These were a rising discontent with the educational facilities which the southern communities offered them, and a feeling of physical insecurity developing from the

inadequacy of protection for their life and property.

Leaving the south the Negroes gained a foothold in many of the heavy industries of the upper part of the country, principally in the iron and steel mills, automobile factories, and meat packing houses. Their employment in the industrial north had its origin from necessity during the World War. It was somewhat in the nature of an experiment and has proved to be very successful. The fact that it has passed the experimental stage is shown by the fact that after the major depressions of 1920 and 1929 the Negro worker was rehired in industry. Furthermore, industrial leaders are quite satisfied with the reliability and efficiency of Negro workmen, saying that they are as satisfactory in industrial labor as any other group that is employed in industry. Nor does this opinion apply only to unskilled labor. Many Negroes are doing creditable work in semi-skilled occupations; some, in skilled operations. According to some statistics offered by T. J. Woofter, Jr., of the University of North Carolina, of the Negroes employed in industry "eighty-three percent are used in direct plant operation, and of these forty-four percent are unskilled, twenty-three percent semi-skilled, and thirty-three percent skilled." He goes further to state that "some plants employ Negroes as foreman and clerks. Many Negroes have won positions of trust in the large industrial centers, such as the head of a pipe department, drawers of copper wire, locomotive engineers, etc."<sup>1</sup> We can see then that when given an opportunity to gain his own advancement the Negro can and will develop into an ambitious and successful workman.

There is another field in which the Negro had forged ahead in the north, that of independent enterprise. A survey conducted by the National Negro Business League, Tuskegee Institute, has shown a rapid growth in the number of businesses owned by Negro proprietors. This has been due to the great influx of Negro workmen into industrial

1. T. J. Woofter, Jr., "The Status of Racial and Ethnic Groups," in *Recent Social Trends*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1933, p. 579.



centers. Commensurate with this has been a rise in their standard of living, an increase of home ownership, a greater need for, and accordingly a greater supply of, educational facilities.

The establishment of Negro neighborhoods has led to the employment of Negroes in the chains of grocery, drug, and department stores as well as the police and fire departments in those neighborhoods. Perhaps these last jobs, policemen and firemen, have been due to the tremendous political influence of Negroes in some localities, which influence is directly traceable to the greater voting power of the northern Negro. All of these developments have brought about a stratification of the Negro population with the emergence of a Negro middle class, a class which did not exist thirty year ago.

It is plainly seen that the past quarter of a century has brought many improvement into conditions for the northern Negro, but even he does not yet find all serene. There are still many obstacles facing him in industry. Perhaps the greatest of these is the treatment that he has received at the hands of the trade unions. Because of the difficulty he suffers in joining a trade union he is forced into an open shop job, often meeting unfavorable working conditions. The great new industrial union in this country, the C. I. O., however, encourages rather than discourages the organization of the Negro worker.

Another handicap is the lack of adequate industrial training for the Negro but the importance of this need has been recognized by educational authorities and steps are being taken to eliminate the deficiency.

Discrimination in the matter of employment is still an issue, for during this last great depression the Negroes in industry were often the first to be laid off when business dropped off and the last to be rehired when operations were resumed. Various reasons are given by the employer for this discrimination, but it is due primarily to prejudice which can be overcome only by educating the white em-



ployer away from it. Writing on this question Dr. John Moffat Mecklin, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Pittsburgh says, "Ours is an industrial civilization. In it all rights and privileges are won rather than received as free gifts and social emoluments are determined largely by social worth."<sup>2</sup> This might be true in a perfect state, but it is not true in the United States of America today. Would that it were!

No, Dr. Mecklin's conclusion is not founded on fact and the presence of the Negro still involves grave problems in spite of all the progress that has been made in improving his condition. These problems are not insoluble however, and by the adoption of principles of right reason and social justice we can in time arrive at a workable solution. The proximity of this solution cannot be ascertained at present, but we can say that it will not come until all men have a truer understanding of all conditions and issues involved than they have at present. It follows then that we have a moral and social obligation to cultivate in ourselves and promote in others this greater understanding that will result in race harmony.

2. John M. Mecklin, **Democracy and Race Friction**. New York: Macmillan, 1914, p. 121.

# Old Mary

*Douglas W. Beach*

THERE WAS ALWAYS something about old Mary, the parish spinster, which associated her in my mind with gray. Probably it was just my imagination, or perhaps it was the fact that my earliest recollection of her was as she knelt in the little church — a little lady in gray, blending with the gray walls of the edifice. Twilight's gray shadows seemed to throw a soft blanket about her, and the soft music coming from the organ seemed to fade out in tones of gray. Of course, this is exaggerating the story a bit, but the thought persists. In reality, Mary wore other colors quite well, not many, it is true, but quite varied. There was the black that she wore to the parish funerals, a simple-lined dress and bonnet, as befitted one who respected the grieving relatives. As she was an old lady, a soft lavender color fitted her admirably, and she wore it not infrequently. For Mary, the festive note was a touch of white, and so gaily fashioned, she appeared at each parish festivity. But always, and perhaps here is the note of association, old Mary wore a pair of gray gloves. In fact, I recall my earliest days at school and the attention caused by those gray gloves. No one, it seemed, could remember her without them.

A hand in a glove of gray dropped a few pennies into the collection basket; a gray finger pointed out to the grocer her choice in her small needs; a gray hand carried an umbrella or a purse; gray fingers numbered the beads through many hours. To all who did not know her name, she was the old lady who wore gray gloves. And Mary never had many new pairs. Sometimes, but not for long,

a white finger peaked through, but soon neat sewing closed the rend. After a while, one finger of the glove would be discolored with holy water; Mary seldom took the gloves off when she was outside.

For all this a gossipy neighborhood could, and did, adduce many reasons. To the fashionable ladies of the parish, it was merely a whim of style. To the men it was no mystery but merely a fact. Mary loved her gray gloves much the same as they liked a certain pipe or a favorite fishing-rod. To the children, she was an old queer lady who had a mania for cleanliness — afraid of germs!

Only a little while ago did I learn the truth. And the story is as simple and unassuming as the wearer of the gloves. An aunt of mine, paying us her first visit in many years, told me the story. This aunt had lived here formerly, had known Mary in her younger years, when love and marriage meant much to a young girl.

In those days, Mary was gay and fresh and lovable, but in a plain sort of way. She had no beauty that could dazzle lovers, but a radiant smile gave her a certain degree of charm. Young men came to call on her, often at first, but their affections gradually wore off and they found some one else more to their liking. Mary took care of her parents, and so did not have very much time to go to parties and other celebrations in which young people take such delight. But she was good, and knew so well how to keep a good home. The years passed on; the girls in her set married young men and Mary was left at home, one of the very few. However, she still went to parish parties where she tried to mingle with the crowd. Her quiet ways never permitted her to be forward, but she was modestly popular because of her ability to play the piano. At one such party, Mary was playing a popular waltz of the day for the group. Some were dancing, while others formed a cluster about the piano. Conversation was humming around her, light quips and sallies bringing laughter from young lips. And from the lips of a thoughtless fellow came



the remark which hurt so deeply, and which supplies the answer to it all. My aunt was at the piano and she heard the jest; she has forgotten the exact words, but it was something about Mary's hands.

Of course, my good aunt may not remember so well, for she is getting old, but the event had some connection with the little old lady who today wears gray gloves.

# Gas-Station Attendant

*William Mauch*

TO JOHNNIE life was a very simple affair, he accepted things as they were. For him the monotony of attending a gas station never pierced beyond the rind of his ordinary existence. He began the day by pulling the zipper up on his overalls and ended by pulling it down. Such was his life — except a dream.

Johnnie was efficient. His deftness in filling a gasoline tank, pouring oil, washing windshields, filling radiators and checking air in tires certainly exhibited his expert technique. The graciousness of his manner could attract more customers than many of his competitors. With his up to date knowledge of highways he could advise a route or show the way with ability and with a disinterestedness that sometimes piqued those who knew him rather well.

Why was it that Johnnie could fill the tank of a car full of gay young folk, joke with them and then stand to see them drive off to some carefree party, where there were no grease-smudge or gasoline-stench? How could he be so stolid as to feel nothing when a group of tourists stopped and talked of their experiences of seeing magic mountains, beautiful glens, drinking from virgin streams, listening to the roll of the sea? Did he have no craving to join them? And what of the wealthy patrons who smiled in benignity? Someday, perhaps, he too would be a great business man? All of these meant nothing to the young boy. Only one patron could stir his emotions, and a person of that profession seldom visited his station. Everyone else was, to Johnnie, just part of his day's work, part of the pulling and pushing of the zipper; but a musician could distract his

mind to the point of spilling oil and dropping tools.

One had come once to the station for gasoline. He had not needed to say a word, for Johnnie saw his violin case on the seat. Cleverly Johnnie extracted the man's history and destination: an orchestra leader (not a famous one) and bound for a nearby city to conduct a small concert. The mere fact that the man's name wasn't in lights meant nothing to the ambitious boy, for here before him was one who thrilled the hearts of others with the wonder of his tones. John was happy for he needed nothing more to fill his world of dreams.

In brief, the boy's ambition was to become a second Toscanini. In view of this he spent hours at the radio listening to the very best music, to fill his dream he would practice when he was alone, for all of this he lived. How he was to reach this goal was not part of his dream. That was not necessary, for did not such thoughts make up for all the grit and grime of a station-attendant's work? With this in mind, he could endure all. Cars from every state, cars full of joking young people, parties in their brightest gayety, rich men in the latest modeled cars meant nothing to the young man who gave them the service which was advertised from coast to coast. He some day would leave all this to climb the ladder of his dreams, to mount the rostrum of beauty, to weave patterns of music for a hungry world.

And so Johnnie dreams on as he gives gasoline to tanks and oil to motors — as he through the years zippers up and zippers down.



# On Opening A Book

*Anthony Ley*

WHEN we see a war picture thoughts of battle, blood, and bullets come to our mind. As we bend the binding of a brightly covered book, thoughts of war and even rebellion may arise, especially if the book in question is a text. (I beg your pardon, texts are usually in dull colors). These are my sentiments at times, and the book doesn't necessarily have to be new either. However, I think a new book is a beautiful thing — when it's closed, I mean. The edges are smooth and clean; the cover, very attractive and most always original. Sorry to say, I must open it now and keep it open.

Words, words, and more paper. That is the first thing a person sees. I should think the lines of words are somewhat embarrassed when first exposed to searching eyes. Some of the vocables would probably like to disappear into the page, particularly a shy two cent "and" aside of a boasting five dollar "ichthyophagist." Nevertheless the "ands" and even the "a" have a foundation sunk into the page and remain immovable little surfaces. Hundreds of these words are arranged in rows across a page, and thousands of these rows lie face to face down through the pages. Yet there doesn't have to be an immense number of leaves. It is almost miraculous how much sense or nonsense an author can pack into such few cubic inches, more than can be found in bigger heads. What is more, every sentence in a book is a thought, an act of the intellect. (That shows that there are still people who can think). So, to be different, I'll reverse the process and call a book the actions of a mind in concrete form.

Now a book is full of thoughts, but what one is the

main topic of the page that has just been opened, and will everyone accept that thought? At the top of the page the chapter heading is found to be "So and So." It either sounds fairly exciting or is not interesting. We may be led to look through the opusculé, or just close it. (I will keep it open). Still whether we think so or not, the book may be an excellent piece of mind. On that very page that is open there may be a thought that will be remembered when we are mummies in some museum. Then too, it may not be so great. In fact some wise gentleman may deny the thought, nay the very folio itself. Arguments, fights, enmities, and even more books may be the result of this one job. One book, other books, thus it goes on. Many of these just take up space; others are moving continuously. Some fade from the publisher's hand into oblivion; others take the reading-people by storm, and even cause the author a little surprise if he is easily affected by publicity.

Somehow the author is always thought of as a book goes open. All of us have a pet writer, Christopher —, Jeanne —, or Charlie —. If the book is written by one of these it will certainly be good even if the best critics in the country don't think so. Then if the author is a new one on our list we approach his work somewhat carefully, watching for slips here and there. But whether he is our favorite ink slinger or not, Time alone will place him and his volumes where they belong; Time usually does things like that.

A new book is like a new ship. Both of them must be launched. If the manual has sufficient weight, it will float smoothly through the reading-public. If it is worthless, it will be tossed about and slammed shut (with a mental restriction not possible to mention here). That is the way our piece of literature begins to take on a coating of that thing called history. After the cover and its pages have gathered historic dirt and fingerprints, we gently place the precious article aside of Shakespeare or wherever it belongs. Thus with a new book.

When we open a book that has gone through the mill, we think still more. I have a really ancient book before me, a sailor's manual. It has literally gone through the mill. The cover is waxy looking; the edges, shriveled and chopped; the corners, bent over; the whole book looks as if it had been drenched with salt water. As it was probably some salt water mackerel's only piece of literature, it had to take the knocks. Imagine the old herring sitting in his cabin spelling out this book at the point of a one jointed index finger, while the faithful float is rocking three-quarter time. His only light is a flickering candle. At one side of the book lies an exaggerated horse-pistol and a confident looking cutlass. Certainly there must be a bottle of fermented rye water near by. I think this guess is pretty accurate, for about two wrinkles from the top there are two stains about as far apart as the ends of a fully developed mustache.

Here I am making up fairy tales. If this old relic could talk for just half an hour, and could tell the most exciting moments of its life, it would keep its listeners very attentive. As it rode around in the hip pocket of Captain —, it became a silent witness to the sailor's brawls, and probably flew from the hand of one to the head of another; it saw the calm faces of the crew as the ship groaned in the midst of a gale; it remembers the plundering of a ship and the gleaming rays of gold and jewels. I am inclined to believe that the adventurous thing feels out of place lying on a quiet table — .

By the way, a book can become very interesting. It may be a little thing, but the things we see in the microscope are always captivating. I'll have to do a little more than just open a book from now on.



# The Glory of Weeds

Paul Hayden

IT WOULD be useless to deny the fact that flowers are righteously considered as the rarest beauties of nature. Little or no persuasion is necessary to convince one of the fantastic role that flowers play in giving us a sight of excellence and grace. Who has ever viewed a field of flowers, massed in color, gay and lively in spirit, tousled and wind-blown in appearance, without realizing some emotion of joy and appreciation? It is an easy task to praise the beauty found in a bank of freshly blossomed tulips, or a row of blue larkspurs, but could we master courage enough to defend the common weed in a similar manner? For me this would be rather simple, for my attention is forever being caught by the rebellious and carefree spirit of the weed. It recalls the forceful line of that beloved priest and poet, Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, as he wrote it in *Pied Beauty*:

*All things counter, original, spare, strange.*

Proof of this may be found in weeds, as they spring forth in entirely unexpected places, living in all manner of hardships, and receiving no soft treatment.

The life of the flower is a marked process of care and protection. Daily watering and cultivating speeds its growth. Hours of study and research develop fine arrays of gorgeous new shades and varieties. If this care was not given, the flower would soon slip back to its natural state, stirred by the call of the wild. Is the weed given like chances to develop in its struggle for existence? Devoid of help from the hand of man, the weed unflinchingly raises its head to

seek care and nourishment from its only Gardener, God. To it belongs the joy of knowing that what beauty it possesses is its very own.

Drama is found in its very existence. Like the wandering vagabond, catching as catch can, taking what fate deals its way, the weed forever returns to renew the fight with added strength and zest. Is not this the story of yonder band of purple, husky ironweeds? Will not the sight of yellow mustard weeds dotted against the green of summer, recall such a thought? Like the spilled wine of some careening god, the goldenrod grows in sudden and forgotten places, climaxing with glory the struggle of the weed for the right to live.

Roaming over the country, we find the oft-ignored beauties of the weed as it cries to us from shadowed rocks and thick growths of fence-corners. We hear it tuning in with the other harmonies of nature; never does it tire to add to the richness of this created world. Its very life portrays in some fashion the idealism of youth, and adds strength to the fact that success is reached through constant effort and determination.

# The Tragic Balance of *King Lear*

*Richard J. Trame*

IN an analysis of true art as in a life well lived there necessarily must exist a certain quality that we call balance. In relation to art this characteristic concerns itself with the relative nature of the various parts and the artistic evaluation of their respective forces. Fine art demands never too much, yet always enough. Though this cognate essence is rather vague it is apparent in an artistic production as a balancing quality resulting from the placement of part to part, particularly when the nature of this placing is based upon contrast. This does not mean the absolute weighing of minutiae according to accurate mathematical scales. The essential necessity is that this equilibration must appear not in bold relief, but in a subdued repose, visually unmistakable yet artistically undetritmental.

This equalizing force can best be ascertained through the medium of examples. In an architectural piece the symmetrical arrangement of window and window, buttress and buttress is readily apparent, and this we call balance. In sculpture this equalization is portrayed by the weight of one force pulling against another. An artist may employ balance in painting by a careful, yet inoffensive equality between light and shade. Music, likewise, possesses a rhythmic balance between rousing power and light flowing repose. Thus, in an analysis of true, fine art we always and unavoidably come upon this note of symmetrical balance.

Seemingly the immortal bard of Avon was cognizant of this prevailing quality and the important role it played



in all artistic endeavors, when he penned *King Lear*. A precise and clear-cut balance is found throughout this famous tragedy. But in counter-distinction to a symmetry of part for part, Shakespeare employed an equalizing force which can well be called a tragic balance. Or, in other words, he tempered the brutality and tragedy of *King Lear* with an alleviating power.

In *King Lear* Shakespeare's pen came very near to madness. But as the sinister forces of evil closed around him, Shakespeare found a spirit of nobility, of indomitable will, of burning vitality likened almost to the fire and grandeur of "Fat Jack" Falstaff. The brilliant lights of Lear, Cordelia, and even the Fool, held him from slipping into an abyss of wild insanity and unrestrained brutality that seemed to be surging under his tragic feet. This balancing contrast is not merely opposing light with shadow, or glorifying virtue and condemning vice, for these balanced giants possess beauty of brutality. Cleverly did Shakespeare, in the midst of this surging flood of madness, retain a tragic balance between realism and beauty, between temerarious judgment and divine compassion. Although *King Lear* enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, it still revealed the human spirit as of greater sublimity than we could otherwise have dreamed.

With masterful dramatic technique *King Lear* combines the method of *Hamlet* with that of *Othello*; that is, it is simultaneously a drama of character and a drama of destiny. For truly, Lear is a king "more sinned against than sinning." In the person of his two avaricious daughters, Goneril and Regan, and in the relentless raging of the storm, Hell seems to rise up in full blaze to crush the old man's pride and break his ice-bound heart. Yet Lear has *sinned*, so the drama is not merely a picture of virtue overwhelmed by vice, but it is a picture of the wages of sin rising through the medium of uncontrolled power to a height unparalleled elsewhere in drama. Being grossly mistreated by his greedy daughters, Lear storms the heav-

ens against filial ingratitude, but is ironically answered with a chastisement of thunder and storm. At every turn Fate, or God, pursues him with hatred and disloyalty until we feel that he is only a human puppet.

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,  
They kill us for their sport — "

Then as the dark-browed heavens open to discharge their final thunderbolt, the mood of the tragedy suddenly changes. In that final and most terrible scene when the bewildered Lear enters with the cold, charged corpse of Cordelia in his arms, we no longer think of him as a fly or a crowned chessman. Instead we marvel at the greatness of the man and at what that man can endure. Standing there, broken in mind and body, Lear seems to rise before us like a snow-capped peak of anguish, an everlasting symbol of the might of humanity, of the victory of man's spirit over the cruel vicissitudes of Fate. How easily does not this tragic scene recall to our mind the triumph of Calvary? Only this is a human Calvary without the neutralizing glory of a future resurrection. At this tragic moment we realize that the reign of Lear was not an era of evil alone, for in the full-flowing folds of Cordelia's cloak there lived a redemption of love and devotion.

Still Shakespeare did not stop there. The Lear that dies is not the Lear that lived. He is not defiant, he is chastised and purged of his sins. The headstrong, ungovernable, fiery, old despot, who has weathered a purgatory of insanity, and who has tasted the blissful heaven of his reconciliation with Cordelia, has become "a very foolish, fond old man," with no claim on mankind except for forgiveness and no desire except for love and the solace of the grave. This is not the last stage of insanity and dotage, but a complete triumph. Never is Lear greater, more powerful, more a man, than in that final moment, when he confronts "high-judging Jove" not with

“ the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,”

but with the pleas of a broken heart that has sinned and been sinned against. And as we turn our staring eyes from a scene too cruel and pitiable to be endured, we sense a hint of the truth that urged Lear to exclaim on the way to prison,

“Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense?”

From this disclosing analysis of our changing universe, Shakespeare has offered no solution, but he does give us something far superior to a sermon on life. With unwavering hand the dramatist has fashioned a balanced mirror of art in which he has captured the whole of life and focused it to one intense and burning point of terror and beauty. And, although he came near to plunging headlong into an abyss of madness, the human mountains of his own creation, Lear and Cordelia, helped him to keep his balance and march on unscathed. For indeed, in *King Lear* Shakespeare showed Truth, at its bleakest and most terrifying, as Beauty and Beauty, at its highest and most realistic, as Truth. How well do not the words of the poet, Keats, substantiate this?

“ ‘Beauty is truth, truth beauty,’ — that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.”

So, in the very final analysis, we find that *King Lear* is a tragedy based on the balanced forces of Truth and Beauty, and is, therefore, true fine art.



# Critical Notes

Elsewhere in this issue is an article on the problem of youth movements and Catholic Action. Not without reason might the question be viewed from an entirely different angle. Almost immediate, clamorous, and strenuous is the need for some kind of unity in the work.

The labor in its ramifications can be marked off on one's fingers. There are those interested in Catholic literature; they keep up ceaselessly. Peace claims the hours of others; in their own sphere they contribute to Catholic Action. In some Colleges, the cause of Spain has been receiving the justice which it so well deserves; there too is a distinct interest. A new Art Association answers a crying need; its adherents form a group of their own. But with how much more success might not all these young collegiate students join hands in the cause of Catholic Action!

The case for unity among American Catholics does seem rather distant and slightly impracticable. But there is far greater evidence for the possibility of unity of Catholic College Groups, and here, it seems to me, lie the strongest roots of all youth activity. The works of our Catholic College could be made the work of Catholic Action. The benefits would be great: if only, for example, the Peace group could know what the Art Association is doing. The possibility, of course, lies in the capability of joining so many different minds and wills. That is a question — one that has been partially answered by the Communists.

A graphic chart indicating the rise of interest in drama over the radio would probably be revealing. From it we might learn the evident superior emphasis on music, which is not in itself wrong. But the lingering minor role which

drama has over the air nevertheless calls for more pleas in behalf of the literature of the stage.

Dr. Walter Damrosch has set a fine example in his Music Appreciation Hour. Here, with no harm to the intrinsic beauty of the fine art, he has taught young enthusiasts how to get so very much more out of the hearing of music. His example may be some kind of pattern for the teachers of literature and mostly of drama.

A radio program for the teaching of good drama would, I think, find a favored place in the attention of young students. The best plays acted by the best actors would not be enough. Somewhere in the course, there should be set forth the principles of good theatre, the nuances of fine acting, the delicate shades in character portrayal; the attractions and joys of brilliant dialogue. The result would be highly beneficial to the cause of drama, and not a little helpful to the American stage.

In the Spring issue of the *North American Review*, Sister Miriam, B.V.M. of Mundelein College, Chicago, has contributed six poems. Her work is of such beauty that it becomes an honor to have a place in the same profession with her. Catholic Colleges may point to her work as an example of some of the fine things they hope to do.

But — here the question immediately arises: where are the contributions of many other Faculty-members of Catholic Colleges? Who, if not they, should contribute to the pages of modern literature, the men and women who have received the best training in letters, who have the fundamentals and the inspiration of a living Faith? From what better font could our students imbibe the enthusiasm which will make the blossoming of the Catholic Revival?

The question is old. The answer is still unknown. This thought might serve to encourage others in their work: the need for leadership in this field can hardly be overemphasized. Teachers in Catholic Colleges cannot hope to point the way for their students, if they merely follow this

with a kind of academic shove. Those who are in the field ahead of the students, writing for God, showing forth the beauty which has its First Pattern in Him, setting down the thoughts that are born of the Faith — they will be the greatest teachers of literature.



# Measure

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# Editorials

WITH WHAT MEASURE?

*Rev. James J. McLarney, O.P., S.T.D.*

The Reverend James J. McLarney, O.P., S.T.D., is at present stationed at the Dominican House of Studies in River Forest, Illinois. His degree in Sacred Theology was received from Catholic University of America in 1936. Father McLarney has furthermore won a place among the prominent Catholic preachers today, for he has given a number of sermons on the Catholic Hour in the recent past. Not less has been his enthusiasm for Catholic Theatre, for he has contributed to the success of the Blackfriars Guild, that notable project in the cause of good drama, conducted by the Dominican Fathers of the East. We wish Father McLarney eternal success in his labors for the cause of Christ.

Criticism of the Catholic press generally rings in two charges: first, there are too many Catholic papers and magazines; and secondly, these do not measure up to the contemporary standards. Briefly, to express that which critics — many Catholic critics — say, the Catholics press is, like a creeping monster, too large and too low; vast in extent, vulgar in content.

If the measure of the first point be taken, it will be found untenable. Facts contradict it, for the apparently numberless Catholic periodicals are not numerous enough to stay the journalistic flood upon which are floated the communism, the atheism and other suicidal movements which the Church bravely denounces. The conclusion must be that the Catholic press is not large enough.

The second point of criticism invokes a false standard, namely, the norm of popularity. Popularity must be preceded by truth and righteousness. Pasteur tried to be ac-

curate and was most unpopular with the medicos of his day. Columbus was right, but only Isabella gave him a hearing. Popularity was gone when our Savior died on the Cross, but truth and righteousness remained to reclaim popularity at a price no less than blood. The Catholic press merely follows the best example. It offers truth.

The Catholic press is far from perfect. It labors under financial difficulties which would kill enterprise of lowlier spirit. These difficulties may be traced to the door of those Catholics who criticise and do not support. Scoops cost money; expert staff writers and distinguished contributors must be paid. The money must come from subscribers and readers. Advertising will follow to swell the funds.

People who criticise and do not support their press cannot expect it to be to their liking. Catholics will get out of the Catholic press not a whit more than they put into it. The critic should be reminded of a promise uttered by One Who was considered a dangerous vulgarian: "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again". (Matth. vii,2).

#### A QUANTITY OF CULTURE

There is a point analogous to the discussion of culture which brings out rather clearly the idea of contrast, the quality that makes for interest in all things in the sensitive world about us. At first sight the comparison may seem to be definitely frivolous, but some small rumination will take note of the propriety of the homely examples. I should like you to recall for the moment some past thrill had in the eating of contrasted foods. Popcorn is dry, an apple is juicy; put them together and the result is heightened enjoyment of each. Sharp cheeses and sweet pies afford too the same element of pleasing opposites. Appetizers and side dishes more often than not add to the pleasure of a meal by the very element of their being so different. Such contrast, as plain and fleshly as it is, serves, I think,



as an interesting analogy to that contrast which marks such an interesting quality in the acquisition of knowledge.

All fields of knowledge are filled to overflowing with an immense wealth of interest. But how easily a student grows bored with study and work on the same subject, day in and day out. Such boredom may be due to the lack of contrast in his work. He should vary his subjects, not devoting all his attention to the arts, not all his interest to sciences. A touch of the scientific to an arts-curriculum gives the student unexpected pleasure, and likewise the humdrum of such precise, accurate, and laborious study as the sciences involve are made more delightful by adding courses in the arts. This method of choosing courses of study makes an adventure out of learning. It awakens in the student an interest in new fields, producing a broadening effect, a quality of breadth which a cultured person must necessarily possess. The value of training in both the arts and the sciences is to be realized in our later social contacts.

In any such consideration of practicality, the value of contrasted education stands in little need of long argumentation. Facts are so patent. In later life, as teachers, salesmen, doctors, lawyers, priests, in any position in the world, the need for social contacts is obvious. Who but a cultured gentleman could be better trained to meet people of every walk of life, to study characters in order to help them, to exchange ideas with the great and the small?

Yet, even more might be said. The interesting experience of getting knowledge by means of contrast is immeasurable. On the one hand we have the accuracy and precision of science contrasted against the personal appreciation of literature which lies so close to our emotions. There is a wealth of interest in the broad movements in history, which might be opposed by the attractive minutiae of language study. There is a sharp distinction between the cold and immaterial heights of philosophy and the personal appeal and earthiness of social problems. Variety in

a course of studies, then, provides that source of vitality which will keep the student on his way; it brings the solid result of making of the student a man who can face the world with an eager, questioning light in his eye.

*N. Theodore Staudt*

### THE COMMUNISTIC CRISIS

"We hate Christianity and Christians; even the best of them must be considered our worst enemies. They preach love of one's neighbor and mercy, which is the contrary to our principles. Christian love is an obstacle to the development of the revolution. Down with love of one's neighbor! What we need is hatred. We must know how to hate; only thus will we conquer the universe." Lunacharsky, head of the USSR educational system.

America today is suffering from one of the greatest crises in its history. It is not, however, unemployment and sickness, but it is the threat of Communism. The few strong communistic agitators among us believe in the doctrine of materialism and equality. How fine equality would be, but how foolish to think of materialism.

A man buys an auto; he drives it ten thousand miles without a forced halt. Suddenly the spark plugs miss fire. The driver gets out, whacks the engine with a wrench and decides to junk the car. He forgets the faithful miles of service it has given him, and with a few alterations it would continue to do so. How impatient and shortsighted a man.

This same policy, we are sorry to say, holds true of many of our citizens today. Instead of thinking of all the faithful services of our government in times of depression and prosperity, we are quick to scorn it and accept the philosophy of a group that are merely mouth-pieces. Even they themselves know little of the prophecy they profess.

The religious minded man believes in and worships a God; he believes in an immortal soul which will find its perfect happiness not in this life but the next. He believes

he is more than a mere insect of the hour, which rises for the time, then goes back to the ashes from whence it came. He believes that by observing the laws of God he will find temporal happiness on earth and eternal happiness in heaven. This is not exclusively Catholic doctrine, but a doctrine which the Church holds in common with all religiously inclined people who believe in a personal God.

Materialism is at once the philosophy of Stalin as his substitute for religion. There is no reality, no good beyond this world. The belief in an immortal soul is just a threat to guide man. Everything worth while must be gained on this earth because beyond this life there is nothing. Moral law or morality, it is doubtful if the bolshevists would recognize the word. Their morality is the morality of combat — the end justifies the means.

The anti-religious are at liberty to stress far and near all the propaganda they wish. The religious are restricted to a silent profession of their faith but are forbidden any form of propaganda. Ministers of religion, of whatever creed, are forbidden to give religious instruction, which includes preaching in churches. It is the chief aim of all communism, to render the Church of Christ completely superfluous, and to establish itself in its place. So as real Americans and true Christians we must join actively in the fight on bolshevism.

*Andrew Bourdow*



# Book Reviews

*Brother Flo — An Imaginative Biography* by George N. Shuster, New York: Macmillan Co., 1938, 120 pp.

Not the life story of a great man noted for his intellectual genius, not the history of a man revered for his eminent sanctity, is this work of George Nauman Shuster. Spiritual and intellectual achievements have brought neither fame nor honor upon Brother Flo. He was simply "one of those minor religious known as Brothers," the official porter of Merrymount College. The author has placed before us the facts of Brother Flo's life. Facts, yes, but not colorless facts. "They have been dipped into the fountain of change in the hope that their significance will be more perfectly revealed." It is this "dipping into the fountain of change" that makes the story of Brother Flo what it is — an imaginative biography.

Because this is an imaginative biography, the author has disregarded unnecessary and minor details. The childhood, boyhood and youth of Brother Flo are not even mentioned. The author has nevertheless conceived and portrayed an altogether complete and satisfying picture. He has skillfully given to facts a significant relation to Brother Flo's character. By so doing he has brought to light in a vivid manner each of his many traits and characteristics. Some traits may perhaps be a little too vividly depicted, but throughout, the style is pleasant and interesting.

"A cord tied about his ample stomach; one deep line across his unreadable, senatorial face; for friendship's sake a twinkle in the corner of a gray eye, and yet, with all that something austere and simple, not of this world," this is the subject of the biography. Although not an important

man of the world, on the campus of Merrymount College he was a very important figure. His meeting with a corpse, his fabrication of the Princess Barbara da Varda and his passion for publicity are only some of the numerous incidents that enrich the life of Brother Flo and give him a high place in the history of Merrymount. As he sits for his portrait, as he tells tall stories and tries to get his name in the paper, he is a truly interesting individual, a gentleman worthy of your acquaintance.

George N. Shuster has "tried to write the life of Brother Flo as it should be written," and success has attended his efforts. Rarely does so small a volume contain so much of interest. Only one hundred and twenty pages and still brevity has not detracted from clearness and completeness. Brother Flo is not a hazy, obscure story. On the contrary, Brother Flo is a clearly and interestingly written biography — a real story of a real person.

*Norman Schmock*

*Three Rousing Cheers* by Elizabeth Jordan, New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1938, 394 pp.

The book behind this graphic title is the autobiography of a woman who has met people. This brilliant Milwaukee convent girl cast her lot in the literary and journalistic circle of New York, lived there vividly and successfully for a lifetime, and now in the spirit of a happy twilight has turned her ready pen to introducing her readers into this same circle. The friends of her society are well worth the meeting. They are often the very personages she had dreams of meeting in her girlhood, and then from her early maidenhood found herself thrust in as one of them by her own literary and social talent. They are all the sort of distinguished people that we also have dreamt of being introduced to: Mark Twain, Arthur Brisbane, Helen Keller, President McKinley, and a great list of others; even a collie

of great beauty and extraordinary instinct. Her way of introducing each one of these is striking and quite homogeneous. In a few deft lines she gives you all you might see or hear by a brief personal acquaintance with the individual in question, be it Queen Victoria or the collie. These are purely social introductions, seldom leading deeper than the Sunday charms, into the loves and fears, of even her closest friends. Yet she has given us the real thrill of a friendly and intimate acquaintance with the nation's prominent figures. Nor is she limited to people she has met personally. Through the wife of General Custer she learned something of Lincoln in the latter days of his life, — "so worn, so tired, so gentle, and so kind," and after a line or two we feel to the full that in Miss Jordan we know the lady that knew the lady that knew Abraham Lincoln.

Miss Jordan's style has all the freedom and sparkle that belong to a practiced journalist, and also a share of the solidity and balance that are the making of a literary artist. There is something in it of the swirl of her early break-neck job on the New York World, but a great deal more of the breath of the reflective dignity of our finest periodicals in which she spent her best years.

As she tells anecdote after anecdote of well known personages and holds up to full view the surprising success of her own life, the reader is conscious of the great literary and social tact she displays in writing that most delicate of treatises, an autobiography. It explains some of her success in piercing the upper social circle of America. Five and a half years after the expiration of his term in the White House, Herbert Hoover is most happily consigned to oblivion as a topic of conversation, but in fifteen and a half lines, Miss Jordan introduces us to the personal charms of Mr. Hoover, and so deftly waives his unpopularity as president that we are delighted to have met him, and he would be delighted to shake the hand of his appreciative guest of war days.

Faithful to the spirit of "Three Rousing Cheers," the



bright side of humanity is given its due in this cheerful story of a life that, in spite of the fact that it took for its motto the title of this book and was more than ordinarily a success, was evidently not a bed of thornless roses. As an inside picture of the everyday life of literary and journalistic America, this autobiography of Elizabeth Jordan is a book of surpassing interest.

*William Kramer*

*Philip II* by William Thomas Walsh, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1938, 770 pp.

Excepting Jesus Christ Himself, Philip II is perhaps the most maltreated and misrepresented man in the pages of human history. Biased historians have misinterpreted him north, south, east, and west, have run down his good name, have put a sinister meaning to everything he did, have labelled him, in short, with the most undeserved of titles, "The Black Demon of the South." The reason for their complete misunderstanding of this great king is obvious: they forget, or perhaps more correctly ignore the fact that Philip II was a Catholic first and last.

Dr. Walsh, however, gives full recognition to the fact that Philip was Catholic, and against an exciting background glowing with all the fire and splendor which only the sixteenth century can boast, he sketches a true and brilliant study of Philip II, novel in its truthfulness, and gaining in interest by this very truthfulness. The author bases his favorable report of Philip upon the fact that throughout life he clearly perceived that Christ on earth dwelt in the one Holy and Apostolic Catholic Church of Rome, and nowhere else, and that in her alone might men be saved. Truly, Dr. Walsh admits, Philip had his faults, as have all men. But he loved Christ; and in his own blundering human way he strove to imitate the sublime folly of the Beatitudes and of the Crucifixion. With this Cath-

olicity of the king for his highlight, Dr. Walsh produces a picture, not of a monster, but of a Philip to be greatly admired and loved much — kind, loving, and faithful, not only as a husband and father, but also as a ruler of his subjects; generous toward the poor, a subtle diplomat, and profound statesman, a patient, superhuman worker, slow perhaps to act but tenacious in his purpose, a constant defender of the Faith.

The author's method is interesting to watch. For each major phase or aspect of Philip's character he first builds an elaborate background, omitting no details which will contribute to or color his subject; then in the course of expatiating upon his character study, he frequently turns his attention to the falsehoods of biased historians. He does not, however, sputter and rail at them in loud and empty denunciation; rather, what is far more effective, he softly quotes the false statement, gently uncovers its hideousness, and whispers a word of sympathetic regret that men of their superior intelligence should stumble into such pits of error. The result is a satisfying interspersion of exposition, narration, and argument.

In accordance with these three forms, the author's style varies perceptibly. While laying the backgrounds, his language flows along in a smooth steady stream as if hurrying towards more important matter. Again his description of the Battle of Lepanto, for instance, abounds in short, snappy, climactic sentences and possesses all the charm of a story well told. Finally, the clear, concise diction of his arguments is well suited for the deadly, though half-hidden, thrusts aimed at his opponents.

This last seems to be the main function purpose of the book — namely, to disprove the dark traditions concerning Philip II and to refute the false charges that have blackened his name for centuries. The work will remain a monument of constant rebuke to all those who misrepresent history.

*The Dark Rose* by Maurice Walsh, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1938, 323 pp.

Have you ever read a book that you truly and sincerely wished would not end? I had not until after I greedily perused Maurice Walsh's latest presentation to the public. It was with deep regret that I closed the shamrock-green covers on "Roisin Dhuv," Martin Somers, Tadg Mor and the rest of those immemorable characters.

*The Dark Rose* is not only the fascinating love story of Martin Somers and Iseabel Rose but it is likewise a sound yet interesting historical novel. In brief it is a "chronicle of the wars of Montrose, as seen by Martin Somers, Adjutant of Women in O'Cahan's Regiment."

There is no doubt about it, Maurice Walsh knows his Scotch-Irish history. In the days "when men were men, and women were glad of it," Lord Montrose's Irish warriors were known to the world as the best of Erin, and also more than once were known to prove it. It is likewise true that the women followed their braves in battle. But in instances like these, where the simple narration of cold, matter-of-fact history has a tendency to bore the reader, that the genius of this master of the romantic novel bursts into full bloom. The author uniquely and skillfully adds a tint of his abundant wealth of imagination and from this mixture of history and imagination procures this excellent hue, namely, *The Dark Rose*.

Moreover to this rich and fresh tincture are joined those qualities of amiability and strength of character, which so frequently grace the pages of Mr. Walsh's books and elevate his characters above the monotonous turmoil of everyday life. His heroes are stout-hearted, sturdy, and sinewy, both of mind and body, yet they have their shortcomings and weaknesses. His heroines although they are daring and courageous yet possess that dignified reserve and silent loveliness that speaks much louder than words



and so characteristic previous to the days of Cromwell. In a word, his characters are alive and real.

Just as Iseabel Rose, the "Roisin Dhuv," found quiet happiness, love and contentment in the companionship of Martin Somers, so also I promise many pleasant hours of contentment and satisfaction to those who form the acquaintance and companionship of Mr. Walsh's works. For who or what is a better companion and friend to you than a book? It never complains or lies to you, nor does it reproach and upbraid you for your weaknesses and failures. It gives you its best — thrills, pleasant dreams, and often looks upon you as its hero. Likewise just as carefully as you choose your comrades, so also select your books. For a new acquaintance and true friend, I introduce to you *The Dark Rose*.

Peter Brickner

*Creative Revolution* by J. F. T. Prince. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co., 1938, 106 pp.

Now is the time for a Creative Revolution — a "bloodless, Christian revolution that was meant to renew all things in Christ, economics not excluded." Christian truth must be freed from its prison of "four walls and Sundays," and be made known to the entire social world. There is only one means of making such a revolution succeed in its end; and that, cooperation among the Catholic Laity.

In this excellent work, Mr. Prince tenders us a warning that the Catholic Church alone can solve the problems, economical and religious, that face the world today, because she alone sees man's nature through the eyes of the Creator. Then too, she teaches the Democracy of Christ — "a Democracy which . . . gave to all men responsibilities as well as rights."

Communism, Fascism, Nazism, and Socialism, all fall before the startling truths, many of which are quotations from the Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, and

before the clever reasoning of the author. After beginning with a set of clear-cut arguments why it is necessary to have a revolution, the author deals with Communism in particular. He contrasts it on the basis of economics and of religion with the Catholic Church. He presents these two as the greatest present-day forces.

It is interesting to note in regard to this point, that the author claims that the average Bolshevik knows more about the Catholic religion than does the Catholic about Communism. In a debate between the two, he says, there is little doubt who would be worsted. He even proceeded so far as to state that the Bolsheviks have taught us a few lessons for which we should be grateful. He criticizes himself with the rest of us for allowing the products of Communism to set us the good example by abandoning the so-called "Mercantile Christianity."

In conclusion, he writes, "Catholicism is the only force left in the world today that regards man . . . not as a merely political entity." His lesson is: that we must stir up Catholic Action and bring to the fore the truths of the Democracy of Christ.

*Charles Rueve*

# Exchanges

Keeping in step with the scholastic year our critical survey of Catholic college literary journals finds itself on the threshold of something new yet pleasing — its final stages.

In continuing our search of the essay, as conceived in the previous issue of *MEASURE*, we shall first delve more deeply into the varied types of material presented. The over-abundance of topic matter comes from the limitless expanse of things literary and it is in this direction that our efforts shall turn.

A thorough perusal disclosed but three ventures into a critical survey of one distinct form of literature. These three are major endeavors and, as such, are the best work presented to our reading public. It is rather coincidental that each study treats of a different form of literature. One deals with the contemporary novel, another with the metropolitan influences in contemporary poetry, and the other with some aspects of modern saint-plays. Such work deserves credit and imitation.

From these broader undertakings we pass over into the studies made of individual litterateurs. Out of our ever-increasing exchange list, representing forty institutions, we found only ten that omitted to recapitulate the adventures of that champion of Christianity, G. K. Chesterton. In the other periodicals his life, his work and character were treated almost to a sense of disproportion. The majority of these treatises, short or long, were fine tributes to a man whom all Catholic college students could honor as a model. Our only criticism to this widespread concentration is the evident lack of originality. Too many presentations are hackneyed, rehearsed versions of what has been said by other and more hackneyed versions. If no new angle of Chesterton was to be had, it is our humble opinion that



none should have been printed. There should always be an attempt at the original.

The numerous other articles, for the most part, concentrate on literary personages. A compendium of these essays would necessarily contain studies of litterateurs ranging in greatness from Shakespeare down the literary scale to the more insignificant of our many so-called writers of today. Dramatists, novelists, poets all receive their just consideration. The majority are scholarly studies, a few are original, still far too many are mere phonographic recordings of previous presentations. College students are not to be blamed too severely for this tendency, but if we would offer any suggestion it would be this. Try to choose an original point of view and then proceed. We suggest all avoidance of presenting in synoptic form a complete study of an author, for the result usually borders on the commonplace and the cliché.

One of the most noteworthy trends that we see prevailing in our Catholic college publications is the seeming concentration on Catholic authors. Here is certainly a field replete with virgin material and it is well that Catholic students are so completely cognizant of this possibility. Numerous Catholic writers, heretofore almost unknown, are brought to light and left to receive the approval of minds best equipped to judge their value. This, in our mind, will prove to be a telling factor in the current Catholic Revival.

The next subject most frequently presented in our college periodicals is the social, political, and religious aspects of Communism. This scourge that is sweeping the universe is treated from every conceivable angle. It is criticized for its social evils, it is studied for its political tenets, and it is condemned for its irreligion.

As a counter-balance to this Communistic wave that is flooding the land, numerous articles appear on the social, political, and philosophical principles of Catholicism, as well as studies on the more famous names in that field. There

are essays on St. Thomas Aquinas, Von Ketteler, Maritain, David Goldstein, and Roger Ascham. There are, likewise, treatises on Catholic Action, Catholic Youth Movements, Scholasticism, Crusades for Peace, and Evidence Guilds.

A novel approach to the social, political, and religious life of the world is made by one college through translating the letters and diaries of foreign peoples. Such endeavors should be more widespread, for the understanding and enlightenment derived therefrom are most helpful in broadening the viewpoint and tolerance of our youth in criticizing the present by the past.

Our survey further reveals an almost negligible number of serious essays on the various other walks of life. There are only a scattered few on the other arts. In this respect music leads. It is our humble suggestion that much more attention should and could be devoted to this particular type of endeavor. Catholic work in the artistic field has been abundant and it seems advisable that our Catholic students should recognize this fact.

In the realm of the familiar essay there is much fine work apparent. Practically every publication presents some interesting attempts. These essays are for the main part humorous, but they do, nevertheless, possess and present some fine points, usually psychological. This field shows our Catholic periodicals to very good advantage.

In passing from the essay we next come upon the short story. Here our survey becomes a very thorough and critical analysis. We find much with which to work and consequently some very definite conclusions are deducted. We must sadly admit, generally speaking, that the short story is very frequent in appearance, yet entirely too frugal in its results. Our reasons for this conclusion can be ascertained from the following detailed criticism.

Starting with the subject matter we are surprised to note the continued absence of things Catholic. We do not advocate propaganda, but being Catholics our religious

beliefs should, in some artistic fashion, be inculcated into our fictional pursuits. Communists, atheists, and other creeds constantly present some basic religious foundation in their stories, but out of practically two hundred short stories less than one-seventh possess as much as a Catholic background. True, there is nothing anti-Catholic printed, but there is, likewise, nothing present to impress upon the reader's mind the realization that this is the work of a Catholic writer.

Ironically enough, is the fact that, those possessing Catholicity, are inclined to swing to the other pendular extreme — mere propaganda. In so doing this group defeat their own purpose. With a solid, living background of Catholicity, bridled by the artistic hand of restraint, we as Catholic writers can steer a middle course and thereby create in fiction the standards and ideals of our inherent, artistic culture. This should be our aim.

Another fault that leaves much to be desired in our fiction is the ever-stressing of plot. In all good fiction a logical sequence of action is necessary, but do not be led astray by the over-emphasis on plot as seen in our current magazines. Plot is necessary, but it is not all. It is too transitory to be the end of short story writing. There must be something over and above this and that quality is character.

This most necessary element is woefully lacking in practically all the stories brought to our attention. Too few characters live on in our mind after the intricacies of the plot become a muddled mess in our memory. And this is what we must necessarily strive and fight against if our fiction is to be recognized as possessing a lasting appeal.

Thankfully there are some few stories that possess an honest-to-goodness character study. Usually this character is developed along some psychological element that is innate to all humanity. The interpretation of this quality in relation to a consistent character leaves a pleasing impression on the reader.



In analyzing the mood of presentation we are forced to run the gamut of literary style. An almost inconsequential number are idealistic, the majority are romantic, others are realistic, while still others are totally naturalistic. We offer no criticism to the first three types, but certainly there is much to condemn in the last.

The appearance of these naturalistic recordings center in just three publications. In the journal of one college every short story is sheer naturalism. On the surface we are rather inclined to criticize the Supervisors as much as the writers, for permitting such trash to be printed. It is easily seen why college youths slip into this pit, but certainly those in charge should possess the necessary knowledge and fortitude to curtail these tendencies or, if not, they should immediately renovate their present conception of literary values. The remaining two publications offer but a slight minority of naturalistic stories and to them we suggest a more thorough background in fundamental style as well as a conscientious rejection and revision of material. Such laxity should never be permitted if Catholic college journals are to bear the torch entrusted to them.

So, in summarizing our survey conclusions in regard to the short story, allow us to suggest a conscientious striving for more character and less plot, a wider use of the Catholic principles in which we are well grounded, and a guarding against the modern misconception of artistic writing — naturalism.

Our survey study next includes an analysis of the drama. In this field we are greeted by a very strong bulwark of silence. So few attempts are to be found that, on the face of the issue, we are inclined to simply make a plea for its representation, but for those few that do appear we shall continue. A study of these dramas is even more convincing that here, if anywhere, is a need for action; thorough, scholarly action. So with this we shall proceed with our criticism.

Of the seventeen dramas appearing only six possess dramatic possibilities. The remainder are merely short stories in dialogue and nothing more. Why the author insisted upon presenting it in dramatic form and then calling it a play we fail to see, for nearly all the essentials of drama are missing.

The chief bone of contention rests in the matter of conflict. An overwhelming percentage fail to distinguish between active and passive conflict, which is the essential difference between the novel and the drama. To those few plays possessing this quality of active conflict, a character struggling against some inherent obstacle in himself, we offer our congratulations. In this class we wish especially to recommend two three-act plays which are really dramas. Some of the shorter ventures are likewise as carefully presented and to these we wish continued success.

To the majority that fail we suggest a thorough scrutiny of the essentials of drama, much reading of good dramas, then another effort. We feel certain that it can be done and your previous attempts, though partial failures, should prove a spur to further action.

We also draw special attention to three poetic dramas. These are all carefully done poetically and likewise possess to a relative extent dramatic possibilities. Such efforts, though immature, give promise of a future that may reach the peak toward which we are all striving, namely, efficiency in literary expression.

The final issue of MEASURE will conclude our survey study of Catholic college literary journals. In that issue we will present our analysis of the poetry, critical departments, exchanges, and the various other departments that are found in our exchange magazines.

We heartily wish to thank all who were so helpful in our endeavors by sending us their publications. Likewise, the many words of encouragement extended to us by letter and exchange comment have lessened the toils of the task and sustained our spirits. We thank you!

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